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# Page Made by and for Our Club Members

### WANT PICTURES OF PRIZE WINNERS

Dear Children of the Club:

It seems to me that it would be very nice if every member who wins a prize would let me have a photograph. We frequently ask you for them, but receive the reply that you have no picture of yourself, or maybe that yours has already been used. I think every member of the club would be glad to know how the other members look, and I am sure some way could be found to have the pictures of our prize winners and medalists, if they would only try.

The drawings this week are particularly good, and I am also glad to see that you stre taking so much interest in the puzzle department. To be able to make up a puzzle takes an intelligent little boy or girl; for it is harder to originate them than to solve them, you know. In the meanwhile, do not forget the stories and poems, as well. We have a number of new members every week, and that is a sood sign that many people outside the club enjoy rending our page. We have members from Louishan to New York, and we may congratulate ourselves that the club has become known to so many outside of Virginia. With best wishes for all the members in all the States, I am,

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS. Celeste Duffel, Hohenlohn's Postoffice, Ascension Parish, La., for story entitled

"On a Rainy Day." Margaret R. Gordon, 304 North Lombardy Street, city, for drawing entitled "Sali-ing." Leon H. Abbott, New Castle, Va., for composition entitled "Indians."

Abbott, Leon, Akers, Harry B., Barrett, A. B., Balley, Ciyde D., Balley, Clyde D.,
Bruce, Payson,
Chapin, Neal,
Craven, Mamle,
Craven, Willie J.,
Cavanaugh, A. J.,
Carlton, Michaux,
Clendon, Dorothy,
Clendon, Madge,
Duffel, Henry, Duffel, Henry, Duffel, Celeste Francis, Louise, Ford, Carrie, Garnett, Emma L., Gathright, Louise, Gordon, Margaret, Grubbs, Marie, Gary, Lillie, Henley, Katle V., Henley, Elsie, M. Katle V., Elsle M., Emma J.,

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK. FOR THE WEEK.
Lawson, Anna H.,
Leary, Nora T.,
Morritt, Ozeta,
Marshall, Louise,
Messorschmidt, H. L.
Mills, Laura,
Mantlo, Alice,
McDowell, Emily,
Mayberry, Howard, Mayberry, Howard, McPhail, Pauline, Pannill, Thenia, Pullen, William T., Reld. Ida Reid, Ida, Rotkin, Sarah, Rankin, Edward, Staggers, Ernest K., Stringfellow, T., Shepherd, James L., Shepherd, Fred, W., Seal, Herbert Seal, Herbert, Stainback, Lillie, Turnbull, Evelyn Taylor, Adelaide, Vermillera, Bettielee White, Hunter, Wharton, Nita, Winn, Elizabeth, Wallerstein, Clarence Young, Ethel.

### RULES FOR OUR **CLUB MEMBERS**

I. Any boy or girl anywhere may belong who will contribute to the page. There

in o charge.

II. All contributions should be signed with the full name and address of the lender, III. Stories, poems, puzzles and letters must be written on one side of the paper

All drawings must be in black ink

V. All drawings must be in black ink on white paper.
V. Every member will receive a badge. Three prizes are given each week for best contributions, and two medals every month, one to a girl and one to a boy, to those who have done the best work during the month.
VI. Direct all communications to Editor T. D. C. C., care Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

## THE SEVERE SCHOOLMAS-

Misser-Aow, miss, stop crying and tell
me what's the matter.
Miss-I don't like to be kept after school
to study this old lesson.
Master-Hush: Don't call it an old lesson. Now let me see if you can tell me
how much twice two is
Miss-Twice two is-twice two is-twice

Now answer the question or I shall have to the control of the cont

Master—Five state pencils! Where is my rod!?

Miss—O, master, don't! Don't punish me in the pencils of the pencils of the pencils are on the table?

Miss—One, two, three, four. There are four state pencils are on the table?

Miss—One, two, three, four. There are four state pencils on the table.

Master—That is right. For a girl only ten years old you have done wonders. Has your mother any more girls so bright?

Miss—Please, sir, may I so now?

Master—Stop, till I give you a reward of merit. There! Show that to your mother. (Gives her a buttom.)

Miss Thank you, sir. Twice two is four. (Goes out.)

WILLIE FARRER.

BAR AND HIS ERIENDS.

### RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like grantie; his hair short, hard and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull. He must have been ninety pounds weight at least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two being all he had-gleaming out of his haws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a fort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one car cropped close; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unturing itself like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it in any gense be said to be long, being as broad as wide. Selected by

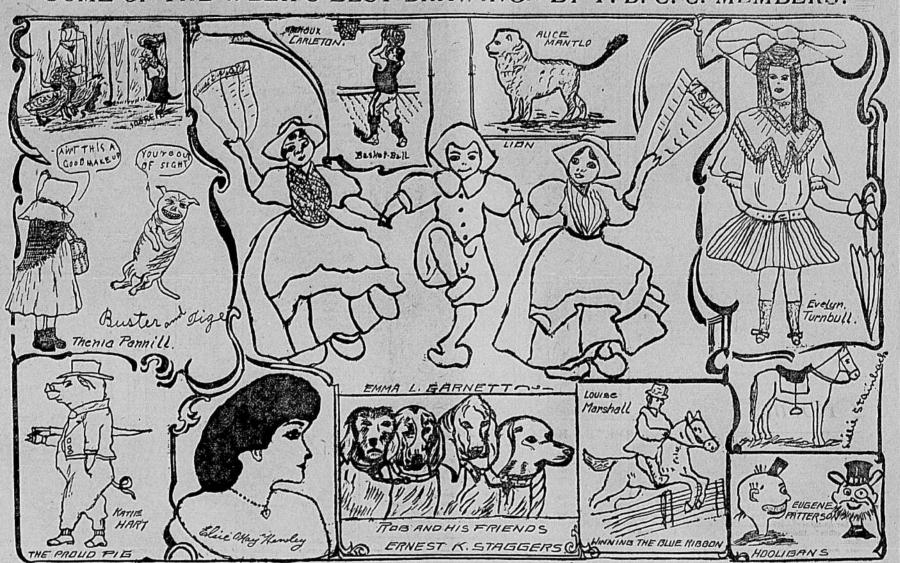
C. K. STAGGERS.

### DOLLY'S LULLABY.

Hush-a-bye; hush-a-bye, Dolly; Go to sleep like a good girl; Mother will love you and rock you. Mother will call you her pearl.

Hush-abye; hush-a-bye, Dolly;
Slumber while fast the rain falls;
I am your little true mother;
You are the dearest of dolls!
Selected by ALICE TINSLEY,

SOME OF THE WEEK'S BEST DRAWINGS BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.



### The Honest Porter

Not long ago, in one of the most bustling streets of Berlin, a poor stranger was seized with an epileptic fit. A group of idle people soon gathered around the sufferer, who lay on the ground trembling, struggling and beating about with his hands; but no one seemed to think of lifting him up out of the cold, muddy street and taking him beneath the shelter of a roof. Suddenly a well-dressed gentleman came up, looked at the poor man, and said in a tone as if he were used to command half the world. "Come, take the man into a house. You are doing no good by standing gaping at him here! be quick." "That shall be done at once, gentleman," replied a street porter, who had just come up." but not unless you stay here yourself." What has that to do with it?" asked the sentleman indignantly. "That will I explain



THE FIRST STEPS. By Ethel Young.

to you sir," continued the porter. "The likes of us has no right to go into a strange house; but if such a gentleman as you is present, it will perhaps be all right." "Veil, then, don't stand any longer thinking about it," said the sentleman, "and set to work." The porter and perhaps the property of t

2215 E. Grace street.

### KLAUS AND MARIE.

CHAPTER I. would have seen a stalwart boy trudging

going to have a holiday and go to the fair at Frankfort."

"That's good news," said Klaus, nearly jumping about for Joy.

"Well, you had better come home," said Marie, "and feed the goats, for grandfather said we were to go with some people down in the village whom he knows, and who are also going. Just think grandfather said we were to start early to-morrow morning."

The two children hastened home, and as Klaus went out to see that the goats were fed and fixed comfortably for the night. Marie made preparations for the evening meal, which was a very simple one, as it consisted of brown bread, roast-ed cheese, a bowl of rich goat's milk, and as a treat, a piece of smoked meat.

After the meal was eaten the two children began to get ready to go to bed. You may be sure they passed a sleepless

Charlotte, N. C.

### HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together;
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Forth into the forest straightway,
Kill for us a deer with anties,
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly with bow and arrows.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis Made a clock for Hiawatha; From the red deer's flesh Nokomis Made a banquet to his honor; Ail the village came and fested, Ail the guests praised Hiawatha. Selected by OZETA MERRITT. 1508 Hull St., Manchester, Va.

### THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers.

To flower puzzle:
Danodil, Marigold, Hyacinth, Columbina, Heliotrope, Sunflower, Camella, Petunia, Verbena, Nasturtium, Carnation, Dandellon, Cactus, Dahlla, Fuchsia, Geranium, Mignonette, Ginyflower, HENRY E. J. DUFFELL

To New Year Box. SCALLOP O I R A M P L E PAYSON REEVE BRUCE.

To Author Puzzle. Hogg. Hawthorne. Fox. Pope. Dodge. Cable. Bunyan. Payne. Savage. Burns, Brooks. Bacon. Lamb. Sangster. ELSIE DOHERTY. 724 First Street, City.

LITTLE NAN.

"Me want to see Hetty," said the baby wolce. "No, no; not this morning," said nurse. "Me do want to see Hetty," said the baby voice again, and she looked up into nurse's face. "Me want to see Hetty," said Nan. Then Nan looked up tty. HELEN JOHNSTON, (To be finished next week.)

### BILLY'S MAMMA'S CHRIST-MAS PRESENT.

"Mamma," said Billy, "what do you want for Christmas".

"Dear me!" said mamma, "I don't know of a single thing I want."

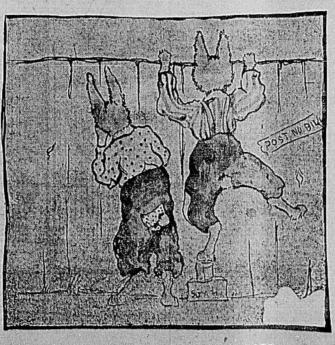
"But you must say you want things," said Billy. "You must-it's a sort of game. It doesn't matter whether you really wants things or not."

"On, I didn't understand," said mamma entering into the game. "Well, then let me see. I should like a diamond pln."

"And what else?" said Billy. "You must want more."

"I want a long seal-skin ulster."

"I' want a long seal-skin ulster."



WHEN BASE-BALL CO MES TO BUNNYVILLE."
By Earl Park, Park Place, Norfolk, Va.

"I want a new carriage and a lace collar and some curtains for baby's room."

"Mamma," said Billy, coming close to her side and speaking very earnestly, "don't you want a card like that one I painted this morning."

"Oh, dear, yes," said mamma, quickly, "I should love to have a beautiful card like those you paint."

Eilly went to the window and looked on the window and the sparrows hopping on he will not an all the sparrows hopping on the window and the sparrows hopping on the window and the sparrows hopping on the window and the sparrows hopping solmenly. "I don't say which, 'cause I don't want you're to know what you get for Christmas."

Mamma leaned over and kissed his bright little face, and said softly: "I do so wonder which it will be?"

Selected by LILLIE GARY.

### THE SUN A PRISONER.

THE SUN A PRISONER.

Hours, days and months passed by. Darkness lay over the earth, grass, trees, flowers, insects, beasts and even people suffered and died. The whole earth grew coild and the animals huddled together in caves to keep warm.

Finsily they all decided to set out to beg the sun to come out again. But they could not see in the darkness, save the Owl and the Wild-cat, so they became separated, lost their way, and were starved or frozen. Only the tiny Mole, persevered day after day, he crawled along over the dark, cold earth until a month had passed. Then he found himself on the mountain peak where lay the helpless Sun. "Cut away this cord that binds me down and I will gladly return to light and warm the earth again." So answered the Sun to the entreaties of the Mole. In spite of the heat, the brave little fellow crept nearer to the spreat rope which bound the captive. His hair was slinged and his little back was scorched. "I'll irry, he said, and gnawed away hour after nour. He kept up hearth saying, the world needs the built saying, the world needs the built spreat gladly up into the heaven again. In a little while the grass grow fresh and green, the plants raised their heads and were full of blossoms, the animals crept forth from their caves, and the world was again a piace of joy and beauty. But the little Mole never again saw the world he had help save. The Sun had put out his eyes and even to this day the blindness of the Mole rominds us of the anger and crueiry of the little shotors of the little shotors of the lords.

ON A DAINUY DAY

Ashland, Va.

### ON A RAINY DAY.

Last week I had a little friend of mine to spend a week with me. On Friday, it poured down rain in torrents all day, and we could not play in the yard, so we went up stairs and were sitting in a large chair, when suddenly I spled a small key, on a piece of blue ribbon, I hastened to get it and found out it was a key belonging to one of Grandma's old trunks, we unlocked it and in the trunk we found a whole lot of Grandma's party dresses and a pienty of old lace, boxes and among them an old banjo. My cousin George was at home for a few days, and he came up stairs, my cousin and I dressed up in some of the old clothes we had found while we sent for some other little children and had them to dress up, too. Cousin George payed on the old banjo and we played dancing, until halr past els. and then the run had store them go. And it was thus we spent our rainy day.

CEILESTE OUFFEL.

Hohen Schons P. O. La.

Hohen Sohons P. O., La.

### ELSIE'S HOME.

Elsio was a poor girl. She lived with her mother. Sometimes they did not have anything to eat. Else sold matches for a living.

One night Elsie and her mother were sitting in their room talking. Some one knocked at the door, It was a man. He asked them to let him come in. Elsie's mother said of course he could come in. He stayed about two hours, and then asked them their names. Elsie's aid it was Clark. He said he would come again in the morning. When he came he said that his name was Clark and that he was Pisie's aunche. He took them to live with him, and bilsie did not have to sell matches any longer.

EMILY M'DOWELL.

### HIS SENTIMENTS IN RHYME.

Oh! dear Mr. Editor, I saw by the paper, Something which made me jump, skip and caper, I won the prize in our page to-day, This makes me very happy and gay.

The Christmas entertainment was in-deed just prime, in think all of the children had a very nice time. And now in closing this letter to you, I wish you stocess and happiness true.

### A Buffalo Hunt.

set out to hunt the bison, or buffalo, as it is geneally called on the great plains of the West. A short time after, we met some friendly Indians and were invited to join them in a hunt. Now there are a number of different ways of hunting the buffalo. The most common is called "running." It is done upon horseback, and shooting it with a gun horseback, and shooting it with a gun or arrow, while it runs. White hunters use guns; but Indians prefer the bow, as they can shoot arrow after arrow, without making a noise and frightening the herd. So skillful are the Indians, that their arrows very often pierce the bodies of large buffaloes and kill them at once. In "stalking," as it is called, a horse is not needed. The hunter creeps carefully along until he is near anough to shoot; or, if an Indian covers himself with a wolf-akin, or a deer-skin and sees among the buffaloes without being noticed, with a spear or a bow,



he can then kill a number of the animals.

"Surrounding," driving them over a cilif, and chasing them in the snow, are other ways practiced by hunters. Some three or four days after we joined the Indians, we rode one morning to the top of a hill and saw before us a large hard of buffaloes feeding. The Indians thought it best to try "running" them. A gentle wind was blowing toward us, and the buffalo did not notice out coming. We started out at full spee of the coming the buffalo did not notice out coming the buffalo with an arrow. What followed to buffalo with a arrow. What followed to buffalo with a arrow. What followed to buffalo with a arrow what followed to buffalo with a survey of the buffalos, and the yells of the Indians were deafening, clouds of dust filed our eyes and made it difficult to breathe. The horses enjoy the hunt very much, they are so quick in their movements that they can keep out of the way of such buffalos as are made furious by wounds. If it had not been for this, some of us could not have escaped from the savage iffer. The whole hunt did not last long, but while it was going on, my feelings were like those of one in a dream. When all was over, fifteen buffalos hy dead upon the plain, one of which, the Indians said, was mine. Not until the next day, did! I recover from the noise and confusion of the hunt. That is not my bust buffalo. DA REMD.

### 23 E. Canal street, City. THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

I've read many papers, far and wide, But the best I have ever read Is The Times-Dispatch of Richmond, so dear; the children that have said: "Tis the best paper you'll ever see," Because it's got a T. D. C. C. WHEDDIRIO WATSON SHEPFIERD, Millboro, Vo.

### WINDY NIGHTS.

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
ill night long in the dank and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?
Selected by

### Letters From The Children

Forksville, Va.

Bassett, Va.

Dear Editor.—Enclose please find the answers of the Flower Puzzle. I was highly pleased to notice my puzzle if your nice paper. The school opened on the 2d of Annuary. You ought to put your nicture in your darr paper. Good-bye. HENRY E. J. DUFFELL.

Deer Editor.—To-day it is raining and I thought I would write a few lines to the T. D. C. C. I think it is real nice to have a page aspecially for the children. Enclosed you will and a little verse. I hope it will escape the waste basket. Your little member.

R. F. D. No. 4, Richmond, Va.

R. F. D. No. 4. Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor, —I am a little late in thanking
you for the beautiful Christmas prize which
you swarded me for my "Christmas Greeting."

I em eaf reading it so much; it is such an
interesting book. If an very sorry I missed
the Christmas entertainment, but I went to
I emissed the christmas entertainment in the late of the
I enjoyed just to think that as much as if I
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such success, and hope it will continue. If I
such success, and hope it will try my best to be
present I spent a merry Christmas, with man
hopes that you and the members of the club
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right the same. Wishing you and the right to
I waverly St. Norfolk, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have not sent anything for a long time, but I have not forgotten the paper. I will send in a little drawing, which I hope will be published. Picase send me a badge.

Yours very truly.

TELENT TELLOUZE FULLIER.

715 E. Marshall Street.

Dear Editor.—As I enjoy reading your T. D. C. C. columns, I would like very much to join it. Will you please send me a badge. Enclose you will find a drawing. "Winter Olri of 196." I home it will exacte the waste baskst. Yours in hope, "ELISE MAY HENLEY. 26. W. Canal Street.
The Column of the Column of the Waste baskst.

The Column of t

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to become a member of your T. D. C. Club. I enjoy reading your page in The Times-Dispatch very much. I send a plature, which I hope you will publish in next Sinday's pager. Please and me a badge. I am. Yours very truly 419 N. Twenty-fifth.

le irlend HOWARD LAWSON. Dear Editor,—I want to become a member of your club. I send you a story, which I hop you will like, and won't have to put it in the waste basical. Please send me a badge and all particulars. If you take me as a member will try to contribute something as often as can. Wishing you and all the members great success, I romain, Yours truly.

2118 E. Grace St., city.

oncor ilme. Wen, a good time. Wen, a good time.

Dispatch for a long time. I send you one of my first drawings. Hope you will think it is worth putting in the paper. Let me know what, I will have to do every week. I am ton years old. Truly do JAMES LEFTWICH SHEPPHERD, Jr. Weldon, N. C.

Dear Editor,—I desire to join The Times-Dispatch T. D. C. Club. I would like very much to become a member. Will you please send me a badge. I send a drawing called "Our Pet," which I wish would reach the paper. I romain.

10A CARDONA. 516 N. Twenty-eighth Street.

Dear Editor.—I wish to join the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge and rules. I like to read the club's page very much. Yours truly LOUISD GUERNSEY. 100 Ridge St., Gleas Falls. N.

Dear Editor,—Please send me a badge, for I am a new member. I send you a story called "The Severe Schoolmater." I hope it will necepte the backet. I do not know how to draw, and please send me the rules of the T. D. C. Club, and oblige "WILLIE FARRER."
1315 Ross Street, city.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a few lines and thank you for that preity badge you sent me. I think it is most beautiful. Years old. I send you a store called "The Boy and the Bear." I made it all up myself, so please publish it, and my letter also. If you have room enough and think them good enough. I must close, for fear of the hungry waste basict. I remain one of your members.

WALTER H. GRAT.

Dear Editor — I recton you think I have forgotten the club altogether, but I havent I am sorry that I could not come to the entertainment Friday, but I was sick. I send in a story called "Never Again," I hope it will escape the waste basket. I thank you very very much for the basket I thank you very very much for the basket of the theory of the club great success, I BESSIE CAMPHOLL. Cary Street Road, R. F. D. No. 2.

### AN INTERVIEW.

I sat with chill December,
Besides the evening fire,
"And what do you remember"
rentured to you remember"
for sensons long forsakon?"
He answered in umaze, "My ago you have mistaken;
I've lived but thirty days."
elected by
HENRY E. MESSERSCHMIDT. Selec

### EVOLUTION.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a peark;
Out of the oloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a repture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead; cold axhes,
lafe again,
lected by

Selected by H. MESSINGCHMUT.